

He dreamt,

The guru downtown says our many lives are traceable to the same atom. As we age, we walk away from the origins of balance between darkness and light. With each step, we perpetuate the illusion of separateness in order to gain a self apart from the whole. For most people, sticking to a mono-dimensional self is matter of convenience. For me, to never know the other side is hell itself.



Like Honey on a Razor Blade

By
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(inspired by Sarah)

Chapter 1: A Wedding Called Off

As the crows cawed around the dying mouse, I sat inside of a cafe to think. My fiancée was leaving me.

I looked for depth in reason behind our end. Not knowing where to begin, I examined my flaws. I discovered myself drenched in shallow impulses, stinking of the addictions. These addictions were accustomed to finding ritualistic mercy, but I finally found a limit to her love. Nadine couldn't play Jesus anymore. Amidst the absence of her usual warm grace, there was only abysmal cold left.

The mouse stopped twitching. The crows began to bloody their beaks, and my mind trickled with thoughts of failure. The truth of my corruption began to show, and the pieces to these patterned addictions, slivered in guilt were beginning to bite.

As I sat inside, I questioned if this cafe would be a good place to bury my shame. Maybe it was my fault. A birth and a death, a smile and an emptiness- 4 long years and 8 months. But it isn't worth counting the ticks. The pain and joy transcend time.

"I could just let myself off easy this afternoon, I could just let go."

It probably would have happened, had I liked the easy way out.

"The ticket to redemption and sacrifice is actually feeling the pain you have caused another."

I needed to hurt somehow. I needed to feel a bit of guilt drip deep down to the center of my hollow bones. Somehow, I needed to feel, a sense of capitulation.

This was in the cafe, when these thoughts found me thinking. I was drifting really, pondering the bills and the birds, the bees and the diseases not cured. I was beginning to slip from idealistic notions of humanity, and I was about to wake up, maybe. I was sleeping, somehow. Somehow please, just tell me there was something to wake up to.

The guru talks of a civilization that responds to drudgery. There the men mend will power and strife into vindictive stabs of sacrificial high tones, those sounds that that we process as ghosts to the understanding of abstraction and metaphor--- to the tower of language forgotten. If one were to ever decipher the ghost code, it would take a whole life-time just to recite it.

Chapter 2: Wandering Heart

There exists a sacred paradox that infiltrates the virginity of a choice yet to be made. This is a paradox of making the right choice under naivety, and the wrong choice, despite wisdom. Birth is a rebellion against the right choice, and is marked by hedonist delights interwoven in the fabric of our primitive DNA. My parents made that choice.

In an attempt to escape their dilemma, I have begun the process of situating my mind inside of a more appropriate plane of existence. In essence my freedom depends on the detachment from its current self. This

detachment process of communication takes time. It can take a starbeam a million years to travel from its home to reach us. By the time we see a starry message, the home-star could be dead. Perhaps I will be dead also by the time she reads this. It doesn't bother me though, as the proof of existence is also in the acceptance of its absence. With the detachment process, I plan to transcend the narrative distance between her and me, to fully dissociate into metaphor.

As I stood by the ledge, uncertainty of my death grew. Even if it was just a

metaphoric death, would it have an effect on me?-I wondered. I wondered whether or not I could survive my own death. I wondered if there was such thing as another me also wondering, about death wondering. I wondered if I was the death dealer to my own life in another dimension. After wandering through my thoughts, I found myself empathizing for meta-me that was capable of dying, and I wanted to stay--but I knew, even love dies. Love dies continually.

I wanted to let people know that I was in on the act this time, that I loved them and that I was sending appropriate signals in the form of vibrations. I was a musician, who frankly just intended to love, I wanted to acknowledge love itself appearing in the many masks of our many lives. Love, as mother earth might birth salvation. Love, as redemption to guilt. Love, another way to seize a second chance at remembrance. Love, vibrations misinterpreted.

The guru talks of echoes of himself. That which exists as logically now, and then that which might occur after all is said.

Chapter 3: Falling Apart

I sat postured with symmetry situated neatly in the past. I figured my many shortcomings would eventually push me from the ledge, but before jumping to conclusions, I pulled my pen out to make note of it all.

It must be noted that as it stands, I have not yet correctly anchored my childhood. It has been sent missing, perhaps as an abrupt conundrum to the hissing sound in my groin. I am finished searching. No longer will I voyage. I have exhausted my flame and found no fuse, exulting existence since the beginning, but without a firework to go boom. I am playing the devil now as I partake in a mortal man's ritual of death. My mind isn't real anymore. I am post-enlightened. I bit the nipple of wisdom too hard.

~Sabian

As I descended from the ledge, I began to understand what I was becoming. My mind was endless. After taking so many videos of myself naked and sending my paratroopers off to an inalienable doom, I too was heading to a place with no landing, falling purposelessly. I was sharing in the

same fate as those microdimensional selves delivered to the cloth, those nights making love to a computer screen, a void of regrets. I was ridding myself of that wretched need. It was rejection to life itself-----still, I wondered if it was wrong to fall.

One of my voices began to speak,

“Inevitably, and with a profundity kick, what you have done is wrong! It is wrong like the witch cast to the stake. Pathetic and without remorse, it is wrong! Like the siren song to vindication at an evil pace, it is wrong!”

Henry was a good voice. He was a bit overbearing, but over the years we had become friends. I met him at an open mic. He sounded like a caveman when we first met, but somehow he found a delight in training in high-class annunciation. He especially liked Os and Ts. I knew he was just looking out for me. He was wise. He was wise in wanting me to avoid her brand. I was her brand to be wise, it seemed. The beaten horse needed a grave, so I fell. My heart splattered against the floor beneath her.

Chapter 4: Brother Be Slow

I saw Samantha in my brother's dreams. Eyeward and leeward, I sat by the peephole of looking up. He had an enormous posture. He was someone I was willing to be. Someone on the same hunt, or a parallel gesture to the gods of the same wave. He

was a giant, but he was truly slow. Slow, like the ox. Grounded, rooted amongst the nature of the beast itself. This was his offering as I approached the love of my own life. A ring. And she had taken it off. He had sat cosily having never proposed.

Chapter 5: The Tip of her Hat

As I adjusted the operating system in the back of my newly shattered mind, I paid careful attention to the present, an automatic burst of necessity performed as a debt to humanity committed of what was left of my madness, I think. I acted on instincts. I couldn't quite pin down who or what to blame with my so called fatherly anger (or what was left of me not forgiving him), so instead I just said fuck it to humanity, and I stopped thinking. I acted on instinct. The second you walked in the door. I stopped thinking.

I began to tap my finger to this delightful rejection of it all. I had it with the democracy, the full blown rhetoric of a puppeteer brigade, posing as my salvation in the form of surrender. No longer could I look up to men built atop societal stilts. I'd had it with the tranquility, the pervasive stillness of it all. I was kicking, done with the theatre casket, unwilling to go home on a whim in these fraudulent gestures, with

kisses blown to a crowd that had stopped listening months ago, ticking towards millenia. I was on my way out, away from the narrative and toward a fringe, leading trails of thoughts to new beginnings. It wasn't a struggle, the day I decided to land on your call. I still remember:

“Crrrrckch....pshhhhhhhhh....Hello”

“Crrrrckch.pshhhhhhhhh..hello?”, you whispered in an inoculant tone.

“Do you love me?”

I almost sounded demanding, but it wasn't a question. Not realizing that I was slipping further from the consciousness of my fortress, the 4-dimensional safe space of my thoughts, the fully enclosed hallway I had created over the years of pseudo-meditation, made of the distance between us never being connected----I was

beginning to hear you clearly, fading into
my psyche.

“I love you”

Hours must've passed, as the injection of fatuous reflection in the mirror caught up to me. I analyzed what had been going on around me, or if at all inside of me. There were still three girls, dressed in Japanese coats, and the one they kept looking at...the other girl----yes, there was still the other girl they had been looking at...and as I began to piece the social situation together, I realized that the girl in the black hat, she was looking at... me. Everything was revolving around us. And that's when we split.

Etched on my necklace, I laughed. My laughter was the escape of it all. Sadness was the inability to return.

As I turned my cheek and picked up the usual my cup of coffee with the usual hand I pour with, eyes drawn with a usual downward glance, slanted, and set to love at first sight-----caught off guard, and in an unusual circumstance. I almost just wanted to get up and dance. Truly, I didn't really mind whom was looking at whom, so long as the coffee still poured down the usual throat I usually drink with. But also, were you really looking at me?

Deja Vu----I took in a sip of blackened honey dripped coffee, met with cream, and a dash of cinnamon, again with a dash of cinnamon. I readjusted my sleeve, so as to say that I was a tamed cat, incapable of even the slightest thoughts of trembling. Almost in a bashful way, and in a cultish frame of sight, I was never ever going to let you go without a proper hello. I thought to myself that I shouldn't have just sit there, with my eyes someplace other than my mind, so I inched up the courage, and I leapt-----

“Hello”

I proclaimed with a smile, as if to say I was content in the way it came off. Not too stressed, nor too needy, nor aloof. It just came off...

“Hello”

As the pointless conversation in my head turned into the reality of your beautiful eyes steering an infinite watery wayward course toward my heart, I wasn't sure what to expect. Was this going to lead to sin? The anticipation was soothed by the hello back with the tip of your black hat.

The guru fell asleep once as I expected he'd be late. Eventually my own patience for his meditative state began to quiver. What would the guru think if I left his teachings in pursuit of my own convictions? He had said it himself, that it was always up to me and my interpretations---that I should get going along in life if I ever figured it out. The truth is that I had, it seemed. Still, I felt a bit of guilt drip deep down from the center of my hollow bones, reciting his echoe and outlasting his teachings until the very death of his fleshly vessel, his body and its ability

to project a voice, audibly. What was to become now of my own eventual path towards enlightenment, zion, heaven, nirvana, and such. Would it really take a turn for the depth I was after? I thought about revelling in the rebellion against my old psychosis, but even that story grew tiresome, mundane and dull. Without having direction, he appeared to me again as if this was just a dream. Was I still in his?

Chapter 6: Before the Blessed Beginning (An excerpt of how it could go wrong)

Y- Whatever we were doing earlier no longer matters. We are engaged fully in hello and there is no turning back. I have calculated the doubts and they no longer register a hold on us. In other words, these doubts sprout from time to time, in the mind, but not like they used to. They just don't, not in the least, not like before. And so, I've stepped away from needing protection, for there is no longer a danger in seeing myself-inside of you. The name's Sabian.

X- Sabian, can you say that again, but in a less morbid way? I mean, can you really just say it, point blank, inside of me? You you have my blessing, you can say it. Out loud, can't you, out in the open, for everyone to hear? Can you just say it for me? The names Ivle.

Y- Yes, I can, Ivle. Ivle, I can. And I will. I just think we may still have time to focus on some of these curtailing aural codes. We should rush this. If we're reckless enough, it should happen. It actually makes me wonder if there is even a point to resisting. I mean, maybe we're trying too hard.

X- I'm willing to give it a shot, Sabian. I want to watch another mutation hatch from our misery of imperfection as well, but we'll most likely need to take things slowly. We will be adapted for destruction in the

end, as we both enter into what we now know as that abyss that will appear on the same night we are meant to kiss.

Y- The night you trick me into being with you? Deadening into your depth, the deeds of your sin, a so called pur from your pelvis, I can't believe I'm falling for you already, but I am.

X- Forgive me. I have grown a bit nervous in my realization of actualizing your innocence.

Y- Am I wrong for falling in love so fast? Listen Ivle, I'm nervous too, but because you tend to make it seem like this is a magic trick, I present to you what I know in the moment. And in this moment, the one in front of us now, perhaps I love you, Ivle...

X- Sabian. I love you as well. Being somewhat humbled by the reality of you being more of a guy, and less of my perfect prince, I have become aware of where we are now--- inside. You suffer from tunnel vision filled with the pitter patter on our outstretched heart, limbs stolen for the sake of what you label art, apart from false starts, to be heard, like some awkward bird who flew too far and crash landed in a syndicate sanctuary, deemed taboo in nature. I

owe you, Sabian. Though it's a sin, I owe you.

Y- Ivle.... Wow. That means a lot. I mean, each morning, I wake up. Each morning I pretend I'm alone for just one split second, just to feel the relief in the next moment, a warm press of Nadine's skin scented with every process in her waking decomposition. I know we are dying, but I feel so alive when I am with her. Can we switch positions?

X- Sabian, how sweet of you to think of her dying. What do the other girls think of your poetic gestures? What do they think of your lips? Do they kiss the same ----do they smell the same---Sabian, do they-----?

Y- Ivle, please, let me finish. My daydream, you see, every morning when we wake up together, I reach to my right, and ponder how her skin ever got so smooth. Etched in her smile, I see my future in your eyes, each morning as every other, growing more than a standard wave to be forgotten, I see a clearing. In this clearing, I've extracted meaning, and it has become somewhat holy, really. I have extrapolated meaning from inconsistency, bringing order to chaos, if not simply through imagination, anchored in content, pleased that there are no other girls with her gift.

X- Yeah, Sabian, I know. She's special. But, what if imagination does not grant *us our* new

beginning? As in, what if we aren't even capable of creation. Then what?

Y- You ask such silly questions. What are two souls peering through the ghost portal in a plume of smoky hues supposed to do, in the case of running out of imagination? What then, you ask. I'm not sure you get it. Regardless of any formulation, whether squeezing souls out of a closet, or by virtue of artful adoption, it's a need to create in general. You know? Because, Ivle, I get it. Trust me. The scientists called our bond special, even the priest saw straight through *us*. We aren't making choices. It was never my choice to love you. Do you get it?

X- Yeah, Sabian, and somehow I just saw you there naked too. You were trembling like a calf being led to the slaughter. Don't you remember? I couldn't help, but take you in. Pheromonal in nature, something we cannot help, this is a mutual attraction.

Y- Mutual, but subtle, what with the way you dipped your eyes into my soul. A complete embrace. You could have scared me, you know. What with the depth in your darkness, and all. But you aren't too bad. You have a way with your silent stare, seeking fairness, throwing imperfection in the furnace. You shouldn't really have to worry about much with such eyes.

X- You think so?

Y- Yeah.

X- I don't know, I've been applying to all these coffee shop positions. I'm worried about that. Worried I'm getting nowhere.

Y- Have you tried applying to this place?

X- You mean here?

Y- Yeah...

X- No.

Y- Why, not?

X- I don't know. I don't want to work where I play. I've lost enough special places in my life. Eugene being one of them. I thought I could have retraced my ancestry or something, maybe could have seen a holy spirit in the form of a crooked tree dangling from a cliff, but alas, nothing. I went back to my birthplace and found emptiness. So where do I reside?

Y- Ivle, your acting like me. Stop asking these deep questions.

X- Yeah?

Y- Yeah, it's unbearable.

X- You're one to talk. You sat in the corner of this shop for days before even acknowledging my sneeze. You really think you can find your way back home to her in 2

months? Most people can't find themselves in a lifetime.

Y (Sabian) - Yeah that's ok. I'm pretty patient. Hey, wasn't my coffee supposed to be here by now?

X- Achoo!!!

Y - Bless you. Hey that reminds me..remember when you sneezed and I blessed you your first and third sneeze, but not your second one? I really wanted to say it the second time, but I didn't want to come off as...

X- As creepy?

Y- (Quick jab at a grin, met with a simple, insecure chuckle)

X- Since when are manners creepy, Sabian? You always think you're being creepier than you really are. I mean, sure, you're an absolute lunatic when it comes to the disco inferno dance floor, micro-tech- and intra orbital zap shack, which we all know you get high off of, but you're actually not that creepy on the Herman Scale. You're pretty low.

Note- the Herman Scale had been developed after Silicon Valley decided to take its shit on the residence of the otherwise perfect Blossom City. This scale was made popular by a group of die hard Soil Stompers, a group of old hippy convicts who'd been freed from charges pertaining to old

legalization laws that have since been ratified. There were a bunch of rich creeps from the tech industry willing to pay their way out of a normal conversation, and bypass the moral compass of getting to know someone over time, you know. So the Soil Stompers caught wind of these creeps, in short, and began posting bits in the local flyers, rating the highest creeps of them on display.

Y- Yeah, I guess you're right. There are bigger weirdos lingering in humanity. I'm no Billy Dribble. Billy Dribble, wanted for pulling the lips off of the girls he kissed. 'm not like Billy Dribble, at all. But still. You weren't making it easy.

X- You could have just said hi. You know, the kind of hi you give to the chess folk. Right off the bat...I noticed you didn't have to over contemplate the chessboard, so why was I any different...?

Y- It's not my fault you looked unapproachable. I had no idea who Thomas Pynchon was.

Z- Matcha latte to go!

X- I'll get it

The guru took me back, even after I thought I was beyond his teaching. He told me of the absolutes of darkness and light, how they eventually become each other while pursuing the distance apart. He'd say, to judge a feather against a rock, one must first determine how big the pterodactyl. He was always completely in the moment, even while reviving an extinct past. I always thought he was going to speak when he would prop up, as I anticipated every line, but he'd retract and observe instead, some more. I thought about filling in his sentence. I thought about what he meant. He was able to playfully balance between dimensions, able to voyage through emotions while most stay fixated, able to taste an experience without being overcome by it. He was truly able to delight in the honey, where most men had completely slashed their tongue, forked in the middle like the serpent itself.

Chapter 7: Tangerine and Leather

Ivle called me three weeks later. It was a surprise. I was used to the unknown, but this all seemed orchestrated, like it had happened once before. It didn't seem real, the way the cell phone rang on the kitchen counter, her name on the screen-- *Ivle*.

(It rang) Ivle. Ivle. Ivle.

In the midst of not knowing whether to pick up, I found a tangerine to keep me company. It was a good tangerine, it was fragrant and plump. I'm sure it found me when I needed it most. I'm sure I found it when it needed me. Simply put, I couldn't

help, but blush. I even dreamt of growing old with it and teaching it piano. Unfortunately, as reality set in, I realized the social constraints of our relationship. I began to cry feeling sorry for us. As I wiped the tears from the tangerine's eyes, I noticed that the buzzing phone had stopped.

"Oh right, the call."

I reached for my phone, put it up to my good ear (the left one) and listened----

Beep.

Hello, it's me... *Ivle*. I'm pregnant.

Click.

I returned to the tangerine, took a bite without peeling the skin, and I put on my

jacket, the leather one. The one I swore I'd only wear when I needed a reason.

As I daydreamed away from the Guru's humble sleeping grounds, outside on a warm tuft of sand, with my back cooled by the sea breeze, I thought about what the Guru was like as a boy. Was he anything like me?

Chapter 8: To be Perfection, then I looked for flaws

You are as beautiful as ever, Violet. Your smile is genuine. You know struggle. Sure, there is still glamour, a high end design to your charm, but there is some sort of farmer in you. You're different than the typical slender stem, I'm not sure what will become of your blossom, but you are different.

It's just me.

Well..I'm unsure now. You were supposed to be more than human. It wasn't supposed to be this way. Sigh, you know. You're the only girl I haven't felt anxious about not talking to. I feel the shared space, and it doesn't bother me that I don't know you, even after all these years. Why are you so perfect?

I'm only human.

Yeah, but you're perfection, and I'm so close, I just don't understand what perfection means anymore if I can't just reach out and transpose.

I've got enough transposition. I don't need to relate, I don't need to do much at all, but I find it fun to prance about. Can you tell me about your fiancée again, the one you were voyaging on about?

Well, there's this girl I know who looks a lot like you, but vaguely different. She almost looks perfect. She keeps my mind warm when I land on the cold conclusion that I am

going to be the father of her child. It wasn't easy accepting death, but I never thought it'd be this difficult to accept fatherhood as well.

What are you talking about?

The girl from the cafe is pregnant.

And?

And we fucked the first night we met.

That doesn't mean the kid is your son

She took a test. We decided we wanted to see if the the Terraphorm-X was inside of the kid. We wanted to know if it was going to be Terramorphic. That way we could plan for how to raise the kid.

That's a good decision.

Yeah, so we took the test. Doc comes back and says we have nothing to worry about. The baby was looking perfectly healthy.

Doc- You don't have anything to worry about. The kid looks healthy.

Then his face turned red, and he was keeping to himself nervously. Something seemed off.

Doc, is everything ok?

Violet, you remember getting checked for Terraform when we had that orgy, right?

Sabian, who could forget.

Yeah, 8 long years ago. Ivle and I went to that same clinic, you know.

Oh really? That's a coincidence.

Yeah... it's the closest one to work. Violet, that was when you used to go by Freddy.

Don't remind me.

Well, Violet...they still had your code on file.

My code?

The doc never seemed so ashamed in his life to tell me this news. He turned to Ivle and asked,

“Do you know a Freddy Rios?”

That's when I knew you fucked us Violet, both of us.

Well, erhhh...the baby. It's healthy. It isn't yours though.

Like out of a horror film. I froze. Then, the words just dropped from my mouth,

“The kid is not my son?”

Wait a minute, you're fucking kidding!?

No, I'm not.

Fuck....

Yeah.....

.....

The guru never took himself that seriously. He was friend at times, at others a father. He was an uncle, and a mother even. He was willing to accept what I was going to partake in, as there was no escaping my own blood. If life were like honey on a razor-blade, I was being overcome by my own desires, practically speaking, unable to put away my pursuits for knowledge, and I too was going to become a serpent. There he was standing by the fire in the night sky, as his wool cape drifted in slow motion. He had still never slipped his tongue, and still he could taste the honey of life. How, or why does one find him, even myself now, how do I--- find him holy.

Chapter 9: Art house

Ivle was pregnant, the wedding was off, and I was stuck looking for new apartments to live in. Since I wasn't the actual baby's father, I wasn't of any real use. She assured me we could still be friends. I took her up on the offer, as there were no hard feelings. I wondered what Violet and Ivle were going to do from here on out, I wondered how or if I was even going to be a part of that child's

life. I had my own life issues to work out, though. Where I pay rent being one of them. Maybe I could live in New York for a while. I had a friend who'd been pursuing his dreams, maybe I could find my own in his. I meditated on what I had been running from the whole time.

Orgies aren't always fun. Sometimes there is pain involved. Usually, weird stuff goes down, and it's usually a big secret between everyone involved. I don't blame people for their secrets, especially in this day and age, when physical contact is strictly regulated by the government. If you get caught kissing in public, they can charge you 4k in Virtua Coin. That's nearly four years worth of wages, simply for a little TLC. None of us really cared that night. Some of us had rich parents that would bail us out if we were caught, others of us were poor, but more addicted to touch than we had fear to hold us back. Whatever people's excuse, we were all in it together.

I entered the impossible palace with silk shorts, neatly decorated with red beads, 12 red beads to symbolize the introjection of my inner sanctum.

But, before that night going into it, slowly going into it, smooth and proper in the fortitude of pervious grace, we lofted in an argument, knowing what was going to eventually become of us.

The argument happened that morning.

"It isn't worth remembering. the way an old story unfolds into a sideways actuary laid ruined in haste. There is no reason, nore a sliver of plotted hope for the seed to be sprouted from your mouth. Silence! I demand that you seize your undecided and waverly furrow, your grin, wipe that nervous smile from your cheek immediately!"

We all just sat there and took it all in. A wicked conundrum to the loyalty we shared over the fear in isolation. We hated her, but we hated being alone. Never again would I be sent to that cave of her starvation. She was wicked and old, cold like the pupil in her hellish eye. She would encompass the room in her aware state. Was she aware I was about to blow her fucking head off this time.

I reached for my revolver, set for blow, and whipped it straight up to her face.

"Ahhh, now we are here. At the depth of you violent charm. You have arrived as expected"

*"Shut your mouth, *Semedril*, we ain't taken your orders no more, ma."*

"Ahhahahahahahaa. You miss her don't you?"

As I quivered next to the trigger, my finger felt a delay. I couldn't forget my mom. She was more than an angel, yet here I was battling the death of her forgiveness. She had become someone distant. She was no longer my mom. No longer did the supple nature in her veins pulse with spring. She was a mutant of her old self, and she was ready to bite.

"Let's dance"

The guru was capable of learning. I think he left for good one night. I woke up, and he was gone, leaving me a book behind as "directions to the soul." Maybe even he had someone else to see, maybe he was going back to a younger me that still needed advice. I loved him.

Chapter 10: Night of the Orgy

The Bodhisattva isn't just the eastern philosophical bend to passivity and starvation through humble bends around the twists of time, that which is the road to a sublimity that coerces the veins inside my pulse to beat, to just repeat and patronize the silly stream, for making things the way they ought to be, the way they ought to grow and the way we say hello in depths of deeds that synthesize; your eyes are made of stars, such rewards inside your eyes, such is the sky, the things to keep us up at night and delight our friends when we are all alone, the two of us, just you and me, the way we hold the flow.

The Bodhisattva is this and more. In the legends, he was a prince, a little boy kept inside the womb of a perfect castle, where no harm could be done, and all was bliss. The boy, growing curious, heard tales from outside his crib, whispers of things made of what isn't. The things outside perfection, the flaws that tear apart the soul. He heard of pain, suffering, starvation, guilt, greed, cataclysms of what was kept secret inside the palace.

As the Bodhisattva grew older, he decided to leave the palace. He saw what needed to be seen, and he felt what needed to be felt. He essentially became a hermit, depriving himself of the mortal delights. This is where the story usually ends in him finding enlightenment in minimalist approaches to the threads of creation. That is popular

belief. One might offer what was, in exchange for what was misinterpreted.

The truth is that the Bodhisattva never claimed to be enlightened. In fact, after his starvation state, he could still not find his answer. This is where his story got interesting. He decided to team up with a businessman, to engage fully in the debauchery of mortality, gorging himself in the pleasures of what most monks would consider fickle. He did this as a mechanism of curiosity to fulfill the other side.

We were going into that night with the otherside in mind.

Enter Erick (the best man)

The bar here is filled with a pamphlet. I know this bar. It is familiar, and strange.

The whole wang thing is weird.

It's a statistical or testicular anomaly.

The orgy happened nonetheless that night.

How do I begin to describe it. I was given the freedom, the rightful creative license to do anything, anything no matter how definite and abstract it would become- for that night was the most brilliant sense of pleasure, a complete climatic epiphany of delight, something more in tune to escapism than a robotic dream, neurotic, fixated,

saturated, and developed, blossomed, then reborn forever, into the depths of love itself. This was a complete journey through the cosmos, introspective and foraged with fluidity of a boy's dream, that of a quest come to fruition, and end.

Chapter 11: A letter to the bridesmaid

Who is **Raina**?

She, formally known as feminine, is elegance. Whether this describes the soft nature of her supple lips, made red against the light cinnamon complexion of her eyes. I remember first asking for a hug, then. She was obliged, or made it seem as if the risk was necessary. Going against the tides of a culture that said wait, I was to be her expression of life.

I asked her if she had ever fallen in love.

She smiled, tapping her lip with the index of her curious departure from the mundane, she exclaimed in a whispering nod, yes. She had fallen in love, once.

Who was he?

He left. I never saw him again.

It was obvious, the kind of love we held for each other. That of balance, a symmetry,

met beneath the lamp post by the templar building. Was this an initiation of a forever goodbye?

I could have leaned in for a kiss.

Instead, I hoped for seeing her again, in time.

I left town the next day. I had promised to come back in three, to that cafe. I was going to see the eclipse of the sun, a lunar curtain, while I imagined behind scenes what it would be to see her when I returned.

It ended up being 5 days, as circumstances of the mundane made me late. I would come to the cafe everyday for the next 5 years, hoping she'd see me there, again, like the moment we had last left. I still haven't seen her.